

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to seale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre We wauke, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glon. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke: It were a delicate stratagem, to shoo A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in prooffe, And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir, Your most deere Daughter.

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well, You shall haue ransom. Let me haue Surgeons, I am cut to th'Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe? Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely, Like a smugge Bridegroomie. What? I will be Iouiall: Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Gent. A fight most pittifull in the meekest wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Bartell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your fauour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry Stands on the houely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here Her Army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Gent. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glon. Now good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes, Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand, Ile leade you to some biding.

Glon. Heartie thanks:

The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor, Briefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glon. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Least that th'inflection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your toynes.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse; if euer thou wilt thrine, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me, To Edmund Earle of Gloucester: seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine, As dutious to the vices of thy Mistis, As badnesse would desire.

Glon. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you. Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry He had no other Deathman. Let vs see: Leau gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

*Let our reciprocal loves be remembered. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and supply the place for your Labour.*

*Towr (Wife, so I would say) affectionate Seruant. Concrill.*

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will, A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vn sanctified Of murderous Letchers: and in the mature time, With this vngracious paper strike the fight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glon. The King is mad: How fitt is my vilde sense That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract, So should my thoughts be feuer'd from my greefes, Drum aswars off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Giue me your hand:

Parte off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.

Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

### Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and a Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent, How shall I liue and worke To match thy goodnesse?

My life will be too short, And euery measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd, All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited, These weedes are memories of those worser houres: I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam, Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent, My boone I make it, that you know me not, Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:

How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepes still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature, Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp, Of this childe-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiesty, That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede I th'way of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe, We put fresh garments on him. Be by good Madam when we do awake him, I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restoration hang Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flocks Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face To be oppos'd against the iarring windes? Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me, Should haue stood that night against my fire, And was't thou faine (poore Father) To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne, In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke, 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?

How fares your Maiesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue, Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

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